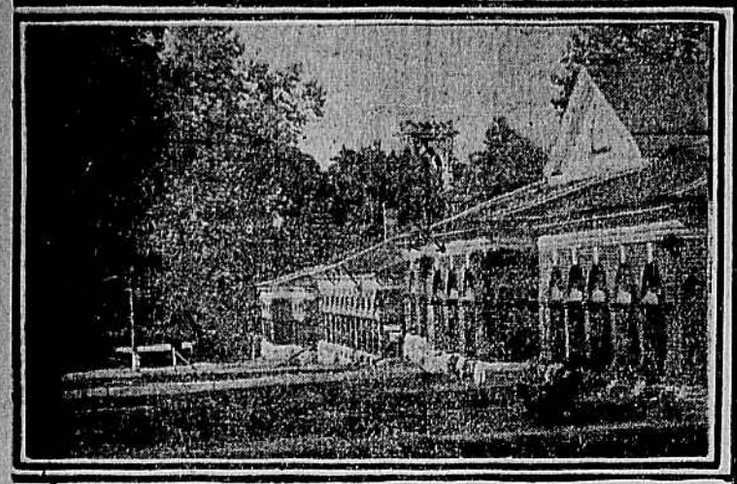
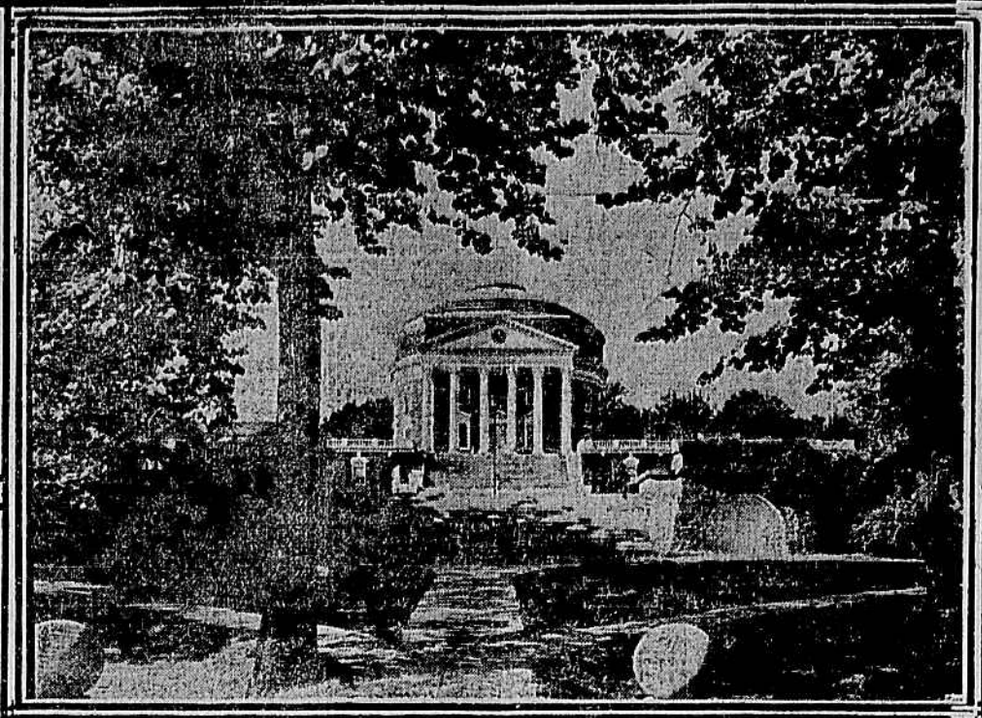
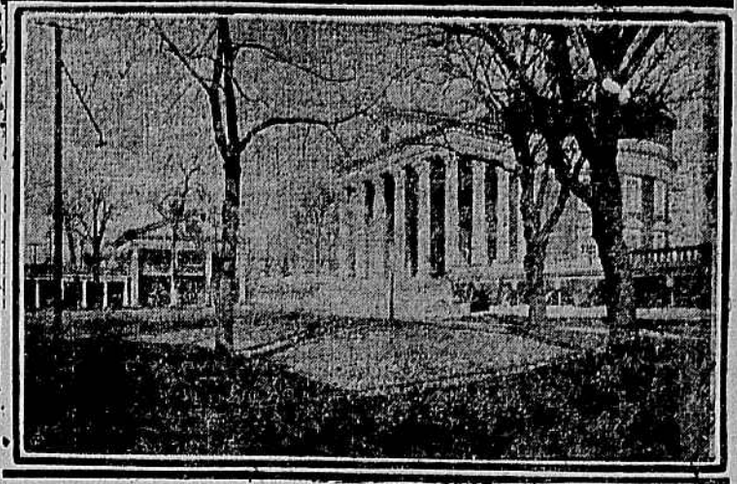
Picturesque Scenes of Edgar Allan Poe's Student Days



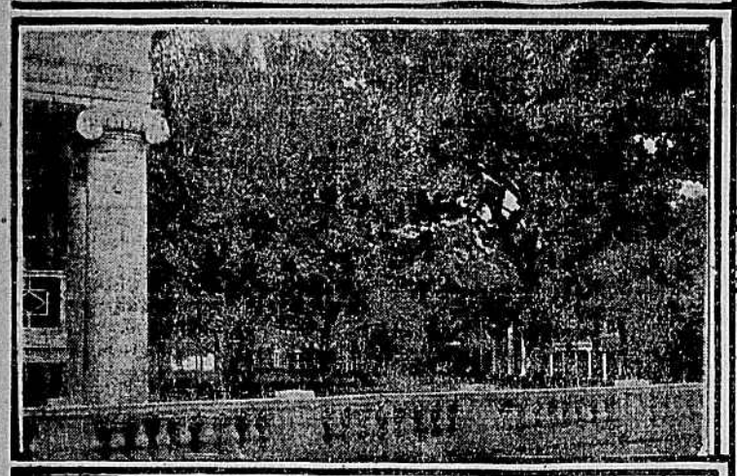
Arrow Points to Arch in Front of Poe's Room, No. 13.



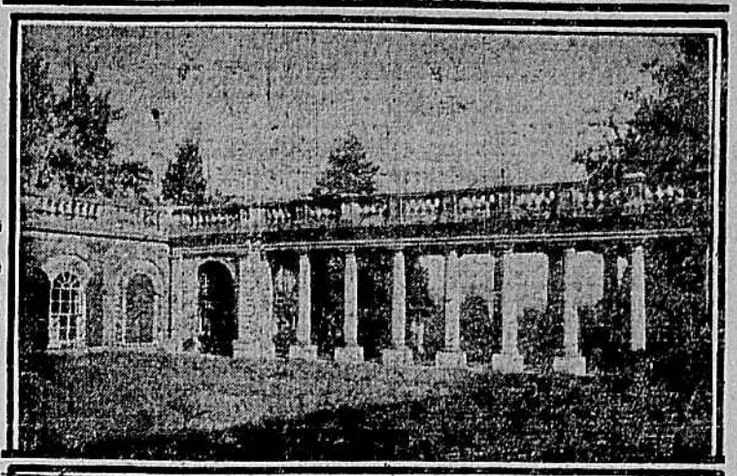
The Rotunda from Madison Hall.



A Nearer View of the Rotunda and Part of the Lawn.

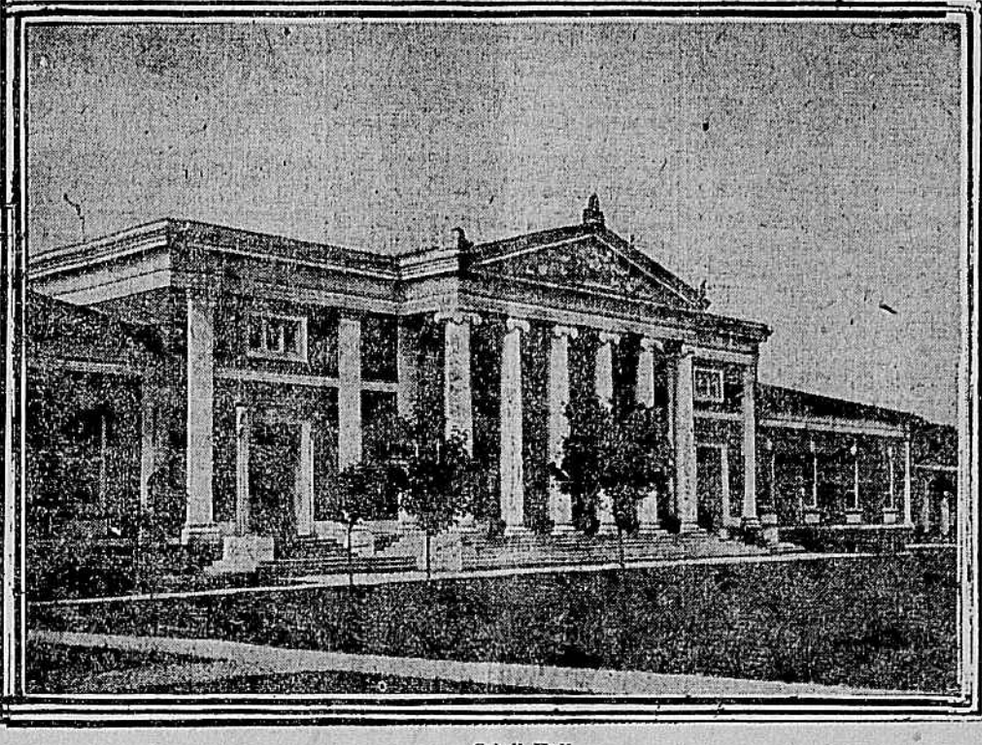


A View on Lawn. Arrow Points to Old Library Used by Poe.

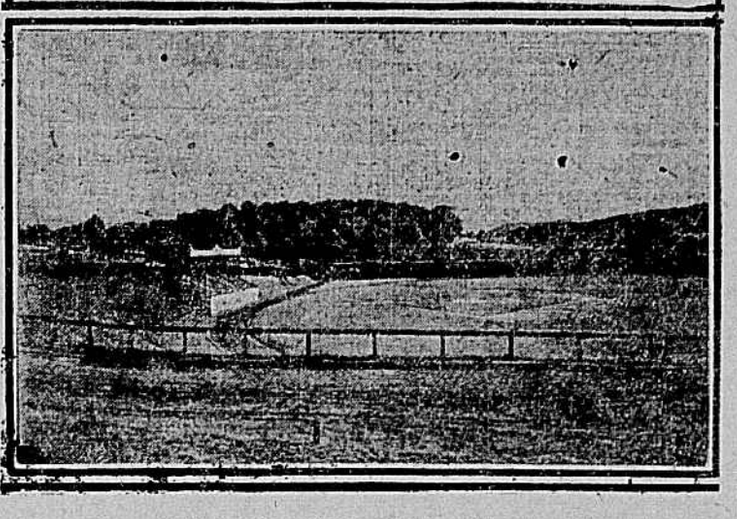


Part of the Colonnade and Ter a surrounding the Rotunda.

Fayerweather Gymnasium.



Cabell Hall.



Lambeth Field with Ragged Mountains in Distance.

POE IS LIKENED UNTO MAN WITHOUT COUNTRY

A Poet Whose Native Land Lies East of the Sun and West of the Moon; to the Whole World He Belongs.

(Continued from Page One—Column 5.)

ship of his art. But the greatest tribute to Poe's constructive genius is that both by theory and practice he is the acknowledged founder of the American short story, as a distinct literary type.

Mr. Smith pointed out how skilfully and continuously Poe endeavored to impress upon all writers the desirability of securing a "totality of effect." This phrase was one of the most potent that Poe ever used, in that it illustrates his attitude as critic, as poet and as story writer. The year after his death his popular lecture on "The Poetic Principle" was published, in which he contends that even "The Iliad" and "Paradise Lost" have had their day because their length deprives them of "totality of effect."

The man to whom Poe owed most was Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The influence of Coleridge grew upon Poe steadily. Both represented, says Mr. Smith, "a curious blend of the dreamer and the logician. Both generalized with rapidity and brilliancy. In his admiration for Coleridge and in his antipathy to Carlyle, Poe was thoroughly representative of the South of his day."

Welcomed in South.

Coleridge's writings were welcomed in the South, not only because of their charm of style, but because they mingled profound philosophy with matured conservatism. "But Poe," continues Mr. Smith, "as the disciple of Coleridge rather than of Carlyle, is not the less American because representatively Southern. The intellectual activity of the South from 1830 to 1850 has been on the whole underrated because that activity was not expended upon the problems which wrought so fruitfully upon the more responsive spirits of New England, among whom flowered at last the ablest group of writers that this country has known. The South after 1830 was devoting her energies to interpreting and conserving what the fathers had sanctioned. Poe's formative years, therefore, were spent in a society rarely trained in subtle analysis, in logical acumen, and in keen philosophic interpretation.

"Though Poe does not belong to politics or to statesmanship, there was much in common between his mind and that of John C. Calhoun, as widely separated as were their characters and the arenas on which they played their parts. Both were builders, the temple of one now visible from all lands, that of the other scarred by Civil War, but splendid in its very cohesiveness of structure.

"The new century upon which Poe's name now enters will witness no diminution of interest in his work. It will witness, however, a changed attitude toward it. Men will ask not less what he did, but more how he did it. This scrutiny of the principles of his art will reveal the elements of the normal, the concrete and the substantial, in which his work has been considered defective. It will reveal also the wide service of Poe to his fellow-craftsmen and the yet wider service upon which he enters. To inaugurate the new movement there is no better time than the centennial anniversary of his birth, and no better place than here where his genius was nourished."

Professor Wendell's Address.

Mr. Wendell found in the fact that the University of Virginia had summoned him from the heart of New England to pay a tribute not only for himself and his own people, but in the name of us all, an implication that Virginia and New England have so outlived their long spiritual misunderstandings of one another as to permit of their mingling gladly as fellow-countrymen in celebrating the fame of one "recognized everywhere as the fellow-countrymen of us all." He did not regard "everywhere" as a word too strong to describe the present extent of Poe's constantly extending fame. "His name," said Mr. Wendell, "is not only eminent in the literary history of Virginia or of New York or of America; it has proved itself among the very few of those native to America which have commanded and have justified admiration throughout the civilized world. Even this does not tell the whole story. So far as we can now discern, he has securely risen above the mists of time and the fogs of accident. His work may appeal to you or leave you deaf; you may adulate it or scrutinize it, as you will; you may dispute as long and as fruitlessly as you please concerning its positive significance or the magnitude of its greatness. The one thing which you cannot do, the thing for which the moment is forever past, is to neglect it.

"Forever past, as well, all loyal Americans must gladly find the moment—if, indeed, there ever was a moment—when any of us could even for an instant regret it. There is no longer room for any manner of question that the work of Poe is among the still few claims which America can as yet urge unchallenged in proof that our country has enriched the literature of the world. Even with no other reason than this, loyal Americans must already unite in cherishing his memory."

The Fame of Poe.

The extent of Poe's fame at home in his own day and its vaster reach now sixty years after his death, was finely imagined by picturing Poe at an American assemblage in his last years. His presence would scarcely have been remarked. "And, yet, at this moment, there is no need to explain anywhere why we are come together from far and wide to honor his memory. Not only all of us here assembled, not only all Virginia, and all New York, and all New England, and all our American countrymen beside, but the whole civilized world would instantly and eagerly recognize the certainty of his eminence. What he is admits of no dispute. So long as the name of America shall endure the name of Poe shall persist in serene certainty."

Mr. Wendell passed on to a discussion of Poe's Americanism, which he found rooted in romanticism, or the individualism which resulted from independence of outworn poetic authority, especially from the classic tradition of the eighteenth century, with its formal rhetorical decency. Poe's Americanism had other sources as well—among them his mental solitude, which made him seem to some the least obviously American among our men of letters. But there is nowhere else romantic fantasy so securely remote from all constraining taint of literal reality, and thus Poe tacitly but triumphantly asserts his nationality. No other romanticism of the nineteenth century was ever so serenely free from limitation of material condition and tradition; none, therefore, was so clearly what the native romanticism of America must inevitably have been. "Call his work significant, if you like, or call it unmeaning; decide that it is true or false, as you will, in ethical or artistic purpose. Nothing can alter its wondrous independence of all but deliberately accepted artistic limitations. In this supreme artistic purity lies not only the chief secret of its wide appeal, but at the same time the subtle trait which marks it as the product of its own time, and of its own time nowhere else than here in America, our common country."

The Solitary Poe.

Mr. Wendell pointed out that in 1830 Boston could not have shown a single volume to demonstrate that it was ever to be a literary centre, and yet in twenty years had found Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier and Hawthorne. Americans though they are, they do not stand apart from each other, but together as the New England group of the nineteenth century. Poe was in every sense their contemporary; yet the moment you gladly yield yourself to the contagion of his poetic sympathy, you find yourself alone with him—esthetically solitary. You might fancy yourself for the while fantastically disembodied—a waking wanderer in some region of unalloyed dreams. American though he be, beyond peradventure, and a man of his time as well, he proves beyond all other Americans throughout the growingly illustrious roll of our national letters, resistent to all imprisonment within any classifying formula which should surely include any other than his own haunting and fascinating self. "Inevitably of his country and of his time, he eludes all limitation of more narrow scope or circumstance. Of all, I believe, he is the only one to whom, in his own day, all America might confidently have turned, as all America may confidently turn still and forever, with certainty of finding no line, no word, no quiver of thought or of feeling which should arouse or revive the consciousness or the memory of our tragic national discords, now happily for all of us heroic matters of the past.

"The more we dwell on the enduring work of this great American poet, the more clearly this virtue of it must shine before us all. In the temperamental history of our country, it is he, and he alone, as yet, who is not local, but surely, enduringly national in the full range of his appeal.

A Wondrous Harbinger.

"As I thus grow to reverence in him

(Continued on Page Five—Column 4.)

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

I.

Lo! ever among the bards was he the wonderful Israfel,
For never to the listening world sang they so wildly well,
Nor oft in all the earth arose from lips that mortal be
So marvelous a burst of song, so pure a melody;
And the soul that soaring sought the sky over the starlit way
Was not a soul of the sordid earth, whatever the world may say—
Was not a sodden soul of the clod, whatever the clods may say.

II.

Vain is the Orient vision for eyes that cannot see,
And silent are the morning stars to ears that heavy be,
And sweet is the song of the bard to none in all the earth
Whoever this heavenly gift hold in little worth;
So for the weary length of years the harp has silent been,
The offended muse hath fled from the teeming haunts of men—
From the harsh clamor of the world and the multitudes of men.

III.

Wide are the reaches of the sea and far the flight of time,
And many mysteries there be in every earthly clime;
But neither sea nor time nor space nor mysteries of men,
Nor soaring height nor darkling depth are hid from the searching ken
Of the bard whose marvelous song, like the splendor of the sun,
Kindles the aureate glory that maketh the nations one—
For the joy of love and the sorrow of life maketh the whole world one.

IV.

For yet his vibrant song was like the sobbing of the sea—
Alike the fearful glory and the rhythm of the sea;
Or else, in stately measure, to the whirling of the spheres,
Or the majestic marching of innumerable years
Adown the magic corridors where mighty anthems roll
In the mystic gloom and glory of the elemental soul—
The tragic world, and infinite, that centres in the soul.

V.

Alike the choral grandeur in the temple of the night,
The thunder of the tempest in the waning of the light;
The sighing of the mournful winds amid the wintry wood,
The splendid diapason of the universal flood;
The threnody of sorrow in the soul that never dies—
Thus sang the bard whose lyre swept the gamut of the skies
And showered on a listening world the starry melodies.

VI.

Afar the centuries may wing their never resting flight,
Empires arise and empires vanish in eternal night,
While be the annals of the race to joy or sorrow given,
While yet we borrow love of life or hope of bounteous heaven,
So shall his fame, enduring, be a coronal sublime,
A burst of cosmic light in the heaven of every clime,
A path of dazzling splendor to the far off bounds of time.

VII.

Oh, ye who zealous are to blame the weakness of the man,
Who, virtuous, blaze to all the world your unrelenting ban,
Aye, doubtless are ye without guilt to hurl the righteous stone
And crush a quivering heart. But stay, it is not nobly done,
For if there be—or much there be—that we have not forgiven,
Remember that the sternest tongue is shamed by silent heaven—
That e'en a thousand rasping tongues are hushed by piteous heaven.

VIII.

Though Truth is Argus-eyed and stern, beautiful Love is blind,
And twain they are in all the world save in the noblest mind,
But wed they are where angels fare, and lo! the heavenly song
The listening skies acclaim and the echoing stars prolong;
The echoing stars, and lo! a star lost to its native light
Lifted its sad, sweet melody out of the Stygian night—
Sobbing in marvelous measures out of the desolate night.

IX.

Thus ever it was, and e'er shall be, while earthly cycles roll,
The sweetest music of the world swells from the sorrowful soul;
But since the guard at Eden's gate who held the glittering sword
Hath sheathed its flaming terrors in the pity of the Lord,
The luminous soul hath borne afar its golden argosies
From the ashes of its sorrow to the beauty of the skies—
From the shadow of a world's neglect to the splendor of the skies.

X.

Aye, thus it is that of the bards the wonderful Israfel
Is he, for never sang a flaming bard so wildly well,
Nor ever in all the earth arose from lips that mortal be
So marvelous a burst of song, so pure a melody;
And the soul that soaring sought the sky over the starlit way
Was not a soul of the sordid earth, whatever the world may say—
Was not a sodden soul of the clod, whatever the clods may say.

BENJAMIN C. MOOMAW,
Ben, Va.

IN LIFE AND IN DEATH OBJECT OF INVECTIVE

Thomas Nelson Page Declares That No Man of Letters Has Ever Excited Such Controversial Fury as the Author of "The Raven—New York's Celebration.

NEW YORK, January 19.—The centenary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe was fittingly celebrated here today. There were three notable celebrations, one in Poe Park, where a bust of the poet was unveiled, and the others in New York University and Columbia University.

"No American of letters," said Thos. Nelson Page, in an address at Columbia University to-night, "has ever excited the fury of controversial combatants as has the author of 'The Raven,' 'The Bells,' and a score of other productions all stamped with the mark of originality and many with that of genius. In life and in death he has been the object of unmeasured criticism, and invective.

"In life he worked for a dollar or two a page, and he starved.

"In death, while his works have been discussed and lauded by makers of literature in every tongue, yet his name is never uttered that it does not awaken the revilings of a class that in our land hold the keys, happily not of fame, but of those halls where fame finds a somewhat dull shelter, elbow to elbow with a somewhat indiscriminate company.

No Criticism of Work.

"It has been charged that he was a drunkard and an ingrate. Well, he probably was. He was certainly a man of irregular habits, with no gratitude for his benefactors. It would seem, however, that there has scarcely been any criticism of his work as such, nearly all criticisms being directed against his character. If he had not had personal shortcomings he might have led a decorous life and finally reached the dignity of admission to the halls of fame. In such case would he have written those works which have placed him on the pinnacle on which he stands?"

In the New York University library building Hamilton W. Mabie delivered the Poe address and took occasion to refer to Poe's exclusion from the roster of immortals in the Hall of Fame, saying it was a small matter, so far as Poe's fame was concerned, "for fame," he said, "does not rest on the suffrage of any lesser jury than the great body of intelligent readers."

Early in the day a bust of Poe, the work of Mr. Quinn, was unveiled in Poe Park, a plot of ground in Fordham, on which stands the little five-room cottage where Poe lived for a time, and where his child-wife, Virginia, died. The bust is a gift to the city from the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences. It is of bronze and is mounted on a five-foot pedestal. Arthur A. Stoughton, chairman of the Poe memorial committee, made the presentation speech, and Wilton Lackaye, the actor, read with fine effect John Henry Boner's poem, "Poe's Cottage at Fordham." After the unveiling the Poe cottage was thrown open to visitors.

POE'S GRAVE FORSAKEN.

Few Wreaths, Placed Without Ceremony, Mark Last Resting Place.

BALTIMORE, MD., January 19.—While in many widely separated places the centenary of the poet's birth was celebrated, Edgar Allan Poe's grave in the angle of two of the high walls of Westminster Presbyterian Church yard, above only one of which can be seen a portion of the top of the meagre monument that marks the spot, was to-day given the scant attention of only a few wreaths, placed there without ceremony. Few attempted to enter the locked gates that bar the way to a nearer and better view of the last resting place of the poet.

The chief celebration of the anniversary took place to-night in McCoy Hall, Johns Hopkins University. President Ira Remsen, of the university, presided, and on the platform with him were Mayor Mahool, John P. Poe, Mrs. John C. Wrenshall, president of the Poe Memorial Association, and others. The principal address was delivered by Professor William P. Trent, of Columbia University. A telegram of congratulations from the University of VVirginia was read. Miss Lizette W. Reese delivered a poem written by her for the occasion, and others spoke briefly.

At the Woman's College this afternoon a banquet was given in honor of the memory of Poe, and a portion of the day was also given to commemorative exercises in some of the public schools of the city.

Honored in Boston.

BOSTON, MASS., January 19.—To-night the memory of Poe was honored by a notable gathering of distinguished people in Jacob Sleeper Hall, of Boston University. Robert Treat Paine presided. Walter Kendall Watkins, of the Boston society, who has spent some time in determining as near as possible the exact facts as to Poe's birthplace and his parentage, read a paper in which he placed the spot of the poet's birth in one of two houses which formerly stood in Carver Street, in this city.

ORGAN RECITAL TO-NIGHT

Fine Program at Grace Episcopal, With Mr. Steiner as Organist.

Mr. W. K. Steiner, of Pittsburg, Pa., who will give the recital incident to the opening of the new organ at Grace Episcopal Church this evening, is in the city and is stopping at the Jefferson. Mr. Steiner's recital will be enjoyed by a large number of musical people of Richmond, as he is one of the most celebrated and gifted concert organists in this country.

The program is an unusually varied and interesting one, and will be interspersed with vocal selections by some of the best local talent. The concert will begin promptly at 8:15 o'clock, and the public is invited to attend.

Marriage License.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 19.—A marriage license has been issued to Vincent H. Hardwick, of Kinsale, Va., and Willie Unrub, of Tuckers Hill, Va.